



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

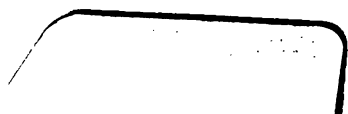
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07603265 9



ABHD

Gillies









# THE OLIO,

BEING

A COLLECTION OF

POEMS, FABLES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

INCLUDING

*Tributes to the Memory of*

LIEUT. ALLEN, THE HON. WM. W. VAN NESS,

AND THE

HON. BROCKHOLST LIVINGSTON.

---

THE THE AUTHOR OF "PATRIOTIC EFFUSIONS," &c.

---

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1823.

*Southern District of New-York, ss.*

Be it remembered, that on the 23d day of May, in the 47th year of the Independence of the United States of America, WILLIAM GILLEY, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the following, to wit:

"The Olio, being a collection of Poems, Fables, Epigrams including Tributes to the Memory of Lieut. Allen, the Hon. W. Van Ness, and the Hon. Brockholst Livingston. By the author of 'Patriotic Effusions,' &c."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to designs of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other

JAMES DILL,

*Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.*

## INDEX.

|                                           | PAGE. |
|-------------------------------------------|-------|
| To Man                                    | 5     |
| The Country Girl and the Shift            | 7     |
| The Spinning Girl                         | 9     |
| The Little Major and Irish Servant        | 10    |
| Sir Isaac Newton and Boil'd Chicken       | 11    |
| Bakewell and his Bull                     | 14    |
| Exciseman and Coal Pit                    | 16    |
| Tribute to the Memory of Chas. Jas. Fox   | 21    |
| Chas. J. Fox and Debt of Honour           | 22    |
| Chief Justice Holt and the Witch          | 24    |
| The Doctor and his Fee                    | 28    |
| The Conjuror and Old Fox                  | 30    |
| The Happy Cottager                        | 34    |
| To Mary                                   | 35    |
| On the Name of Mary                       | 36    |
| On Retirement                             | 37    |
| Mors Janua Vitæ                           | 39    |
| The Miser and the Golden Pills            | 41    |
| The Cardinal and the Monkey               | 43    |
| The Idiot and Cook's Shop                 | 44    |
| To a Young Lady quitting her relation     | 46    |
| Frenchman and Rats, or Landlord outwitted | 48    |
| The Dean, Canon and Rats                  | 49    |
| Hogs in the Corn                          | 51    |
| Ass in Lion's Skin                        | 52    |
| Tailor and Cold Duck                      | 53    |
| Pat and Wild Ducks                        | 54    |
| Nobleman and his Monkey                   | 55    |
| Old Woman and Pope                        | 55    |
| The Captive                               | 56    |
| Collier and his Rib                       | 58    |
| Carpenter and two holes in the Barn Door  | 60    |
| One good turn deserves another            | 61    |

iv

|                                                     |   |   |   |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Invocation to poesy                                 | - | - | - | - | 62  |
| Surgeon Chine and Gig                               | - | - | - | - | 63  |
| The Bishop's Wife                                   | - | - | - | - | 63  |
| To an Alderney Cow                                  | - | - | - | - | 64  |
| Sawney and School Boys                              | - | - | - | - | 65  |
| Oxford Scholars and Waiter                          | - | - | - | - | 68  |
| On the Duke of Wellington                           | - | - | - | - | 69  |
| On Woman                                            | - | - | - | - | 69  |
| The Quaker and the Dandy                            | - | - | - | - | 70  |
| Parson and Calf which sucked two Cows               | - | - | - | - | 71  |
| Sheep in Tarrytown Church                           | - | - | - | - | 72  |
| Lady and the Rose                                   | - | - | - | - | 73  |
| Lord North and the Oxford Scholar                   | - | - | - | - | 74  |
| The Butterfly                                       | - | - | - | - | 74  |
| Epigram                                             | - | - | - | - | 76  |
| Fox and Bees                                        | - | - | - | - | 76  |
| Roanancing Doctor outdone                           | - | - | - | - | 78  |
| The Judge and hung beef                             | - | - | - | - | 80  |
| Epigram                                             | - | - | - | - | 81  |
| Do                                                  | - | - | - | - | 81  |
| To Spring                                           | - | - | - | - | 82  |
| Law Students                                        | - | - | - | - | 83  |
| On the Author's visiting France                     | - | - | - | - | 84  |
| On Staying at Montreuil                             | - | - | - | - | 88  |
| Tribute to the Memory of Lieut Allen                | - | - | - | - | 91  |
| The Negro and Letter                                | - | - | - | - | 92  |
| Tribute to the Memory of the Hon Wm W. Van Ness     | - | - | - | - | 94  |
| On Evening                                          | - | - | - | - | 96  |
| Tribute to the Memory of Hon. Brockholst Livingston | - | - | - | - | 97  |
| A Fragment                                          | - | - | - | - | 98  |
| Jew in Thunder Storm                                | - | - | - | - | 99  |
| White Cockade                                       | - | - | - | - | 100 |
| On Reading Milton's Paradise Lost                   | - | - | - | - | 101 |
| English make Blunders as well as Irish              | - | - | - | - | 108 |

TO  
MY NUMEROUS  
FRIENDS AND PATRONS

WHO HAVE SUBSCRIBED TO THIS WORK.

---

GENTLEMEN,

Were I to attempt to usher this volume into public notice, without some kind of p̄face or apology, it might at least be deemed presumptuous, if not arrogant, on my part. Whilst I wish to avoid either imputation, I beg leave to state that it has been in compliance with the wish of several of my friends, who have perused in manuscript my poetical effusions, and honored them with their approbation, that I should offer them to the public. Although I fear the partiality of my friends may have blinded them to my imperfections, yet I shall be highly gratified if their kindness towards me is not disappointed in the expectation they have formed of this publication meeting with a favorable reception. If I am thus fortunate, I shall have to attribute it more

to the indulgence of a liberal public, than to any merit which this work will be found to possess. It is an old saying, "good wine needs no bush." Probably this adage to a certain degree may be deemed correct, and Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, Lord Byron, and some other poets, whose works have stamped their names with celebrity, applying it to themselves, may on that account stand excused for omitting the preface altogether. Not so with me—besides, I should commit an outrage on my own feelings, if, whilst I handed the book to my patrons, it went to them unaccompanied with an expression of my most sincere thanks for their very liberal and kind indulgence. Allow me then, Gentlemen, in this place to assure you, that your kindness is indelibly impressed on my mind. Gratitude is a debt the humblest individual can pay, and my heart overflows with it on the present occasion.

I have entitled my book "THE OLIO," from the diversity of subjects comprised in it. It will be seen that some of the pieces were written on the other side of the Atlantic, viz : in England and France, whilst I was in those parts, and others since my arrival in this country, but I trust they will not be regarded as the less interesting on that account. Whatever their fate may

be, I have the consolation of knowing that they contain nothing that can possibly detract from the cause of morality and virtue, nor will I ever prostitute my pen to so vile a purpose.

I have the honour to be,  
Gentlemen, with the utmost respect,  
Your much obliged and obedient servant.

THE AUTHOR.

*1st May, 1823.*



## THE OLIO.

*To Man.*

O *Man*, what blessings dost thou owe  
To *God*, from whom all blessings flow ?  
In whom we live, we breathe, we move,  
All these the gifts of heavenly love.  
For us he makes the summers shine,  
For us in autumn bleeds the vine :  
For us he sends herbs, fruits and flowers,  
Refreshing dews, enriching showers :  
For us he gives the time of seed,  
And grain supplies in time of need :  
For us he gives the time to reap,  
A time to work, a time to sleep :  
The cheering sun the day to light,  
The moon and stars to shine by night :  
For us, the sheep their fleeces bear,  
And bees their sweeten'd store prepare :  
For us the birds their feathers yield,  
And patient oxen plough the field :  
The finny tribe their young produce,  
All these for human comfort, use :

Gives us the word of life to read,  
 And shows the path that we should tread :  
 Our food and raiment all supplies,  
 No earthly good to us denies.

In varied seasons of the year,  
 His pow'r and wisdom well appear ;  
 But we his goodness most approve  
 In Jesus' blest unbounded love,  
 Who did himself a ransom give,  
 That all mankind thro' him might live.

" Come unto me, the Saviour cries,  
 " All ye who dwell beneath the skies.  
 " Come unto me, all parts of earth,  
 " Rejoice ye in your saviour's birth.  
 " Turn unto me, repent and live,  
 " Your sins I'll pardon and forgive."

O Man, your Saviour's mercy own,  
 Observe what goodness here is shown.  
 Say, hast thou merited a fate like this,  
 To fly from wretchedness to bliss ?  
 Grateful accept the boon thus giv'n,  
 The only passport 'tis to heaven.

*The Country Girl in London and the Shift.*

MOLLY had heard that London streets  
So very fine were pav'd with gold ;  
And she believ'd the story true,  
Which she had heard so often told.

No rest at night could Molly get,  
For quite resolv'd to roam,  
For London City gaily went,  
And left her native home.

To London safe poor Molly got,  
In weather piercing cold,  
In vain she on the pavement look'd,  
But saw no sign of gold.

Her silver all was nearly gone,  
For gold she had not any,  
And now poor girl she was reduc'd  
Almost to her last penny.

How to subsist she could not ell,  
But sigh'd in vain for home,  
Like many other silly folks  
Who choose abroad to roam

At length poor Molly got a place  
 With an upholst'rer's wife,  
 And now she hop'd her cares would cease  
 For remnant of her life.

One day, her mistress said to her,  
 "Molly, I think 'tis meet,  
 "That you should bring down to be wash'  
 "Your top or under sheet :

"For as times go so very hard,"  
 Thus spoke this dame of thrift,  
 "I think that with the other  
 "You well may make a shift."

Delighted, Molly ran up stairs,  
 Brought down the sheet with speed,  
 And with the other made a shift,  
 Of which she had much need.

The sheet her mistress soon did miss,  
 And then call'd Molly thief,  
 Whose pain and agony of mind  
 Exceeded all belief.

To Hatton Garden she was ta'en  
 Nor suffered to be at large ;  
 Her mistress thither straightway went,  
 And there preferr'd her charge.

The modest girl her story told,  
 And artless made defence,  
 Which soon the magistrates convinc'd  
 Of Molly's innocence.

" My mistress told me, sirs, to wash  
 " One sheet, and make a shift  
 " With t' other, sirs, 'tis very true,  
 " I thought it was a gift.

" Her orders sure I well obey'd,  
 " And thought that all was right,  
 " One sheet I wash'd, and made a shift,  
 " By sitting up all night."

Their worships saw it was no theft,  
 But a mistake—'twas plain,  
 And Molly's Mistress well was pleas'd  
 To take her back again.

---

*The Spinning Girl.*

Soon as the morn begins to peep,  
 I cast away all drowsy sleep ;  
 On bended knee to heaven I kneel,  
 Then rise and take my spinning wheel.

With constant tread throughout the day,  
 I cheerful pass my time away ;  
 No cares or sorrow then I feel,  
 Delighted with my spinning wheel.

My mind's content, my heart's at ease,  
 I mind my work, my friends to please ;  
 With them I share their frugal meal,  
 When motionless my spinning wheel.

Let others pine for pomp or wealth,  
 I only ask for peace and health ;  
 Grateful for those to heav'n I feel,  
 And twirl with joy my spinning wheel.



*The Little Major and his Stout Irish Servant,*

A little Major much to kindness prone,  
 When drunk would almost quarrel with a stone  
 When in that state, desired *Paddy Whack*,  
 Would take him up to bed upon his back.

Now *Paddy* was a stout true-hearted blade,  
 Obey'd in general what his master bade.

One day the *Major* after dinner sat  
 With friends around, with whom he held a cha

*Paddy* came in, his little master seized,  
 And strove to take him off, tho' much displeased.  
 Sharply the Major cried "Man, leave the room,  
 "To serve me thus, how dare you now presume?  
 "I am not getting drunk," the Major cries,  
 Whilst indignation sparkled in his eyes.  
 "Angry or pleased," said *Pat*, "that makes no  
       odds,  
 "I'll carry you to bed, by all the Gods :  
 "For if I longer here attempt to tarry  
 "I sha'n't be able e'en myself to carry.

~~~~~

*Sir Isaac Newton and boiled Chicken.*

'Of Newton Sir Isaac, strange stories I've heard,  
 Scarce credible some, they appear so absurd;  
 But no comment I'll make on the following Story,  
 Which now, by your leave, I will just lay before  
       ye.

One day, when Sir Isaac, on study intent,  
 An old friend call'd in, as that way he went,  
 Says he to the footman, "Good John, it is fitting,  
 "Sir Isaac should know in the parlour I'm sit-  
       ting."

"That's true, sir," says John, "but I wish you  
       to wait,

"If now I disturb him, he'd sure crack my pate."

John then made a bow, and quick made a retreat,  
 When Sir Isaac's good friend contented took seat.  
 To the parlour then John returned in a trice,  
 With a dish in his hand all covered up nice,  
 Which without more ado on the table put down,  
 Near where there was sitting Sir Isaac's friend

*Brown,*

Then instant withdrew.—After full half an hour  
 Mister Brown growing hungry resolv'd to devour  
 What lay 'neath the cover, or roasted or boil'd.  
 As if it staid longer, it sure must be spoil'd.  
 So uplifting the cover he saw a nice chicken,  
 With nought else on table his fork thereto stick in,  
 Without further delay, he quick set to work,  
 And, as the tale goes, play'd a good knife and  
 fork,

Insomuch that the chicken of flesh soon bereft,  
 The head and the bones were the only things left,  
 And these with great care 'neath the cover he  
 plac'd.

Wherewith then the table again became grac'd,  
 He had just time to finish when Sir Isaac came in,  
 With appearance of hunger and looking quite  
 thin.

He soon spied his friend, whom he begg'd to  
 sit down,

And expressed he was glad he'd arriv'd safe in  
 town,

“And now my good friend, as I am a sinner,”  
Says Sir Isaac, “I beg you’ll partake of my dinner.”

They both then sat down, when the Knight, a  
great lover

Of fowl that was boil’d, uplifted the cover.

When the bones that remained at once struck his  
eyes,

To his friend he thus spoke with but little surprise,

“I pray you, dear Brown, you’ll extend me your  
pardon,

“For if you are hungry your case is a hard one,

“On my study to day I’ve been so fully bent,

“I forgot I had ate up the fowl ere I went,

“But my cook’s quite alert, I can do nothing  
less,

“Than order another, she’ll instantly dress.

*Brown* just bowed his head and but little then  
spoke,

For fear that Sir Isaac would find out the joke :

He kept his own counsel, nor secret betray’d,

And Sir Isaac ne’er knew of the trick that was  
play’d.

*Bakewell, the Leicester Breeder, and his Bull.*

The famous *Bakewell*, once a curious Bull,  
 To value highly which he was inclin'd,  
 Drove to his stable, and strict orders gave  
 That there the animal should be kept confin'd,

The Breeder left his home, but ere he went,  
 Call'd an old servant, known as Jack or John,  
 "Be sure do all I bid, mind what I say,  
 "My orders mind" says he, "when I am gone,

"Let the Bull stay within the stable pent,  
 "Nor give him aught to eat or drink,  
 "A finer creature sure was never seen,  
 "He'll win for me the prize I re'lly think."

For seven days the Breeder staid away,  
 Ere he to *Dishley*, where he lived, return'd,  
 As to his cattle many questions ask'd,  
 And then to see the Bull impatient burn'd.

"O! John," says he, "you've said nought of the  
 Bull,  
 "Which sure, I think, will bring the prize to  
 me ;"  
 "No sir," says John, "that is no thought of mine,  
 "Go to the stable, there the bull you'll see."

Then *Bakewell* went, but O ! what shocking sight,  
 Unlike the same no more he fetch'd his breath,  
 A pris'n'r kept within, neither food or drink,  
 The wretched victim was quite starv'd to  
 death.

With grief and rage the *Grazier* then exclaim'd,  
 " The Bull is starv'd," as unto John he spoke,  
 " It might be so, that what you say is true,"  
 Says John, as soon as he from silence broke.

" I griev'd and said, when that the Bull was dy-  
 ing,  
 " 'Tis an odd fancy that my master's trying ;  
 " And, sir, you know, you always used to say,  
 " Servants should never think, but well obey."

" John," replies *Bakewell*, " you are not to  
 blame,  
 " 'Tis my own fault that this fortune came ;"  
 Then went dejected, full of grief sincere,  
 But o'er his fav'rite first, he dropt—a piteous  
 tear.

With constant tread throughout the day,  
 I cheerful pass my time away ;  
 No cares or sorrow then I feel,  
 Delighted with my spinning wheel.

My mind's content, my heart's at ease,  
 I mind my work, my friends to please ;  
 With them I share their frugal meal,  
 When motionless my spinning wheel.

Let others pine for pomp or wealth,  
 I only ask for peace and health ;  
 Grateful for those to heav'n I feel,  
 And twirl with joy my spinning wheel.

~

*The Little Major and his Stout Irish Servant*

A little Major much to kindness prone,  
 When drunk would almost quarrel with a st  
 When in that state, desired *Paddy Whack*,  
 Would take him up to bed upon his back.

Now *Paddy* was a stout true-hearted blad  
 Obey'd in general what his master bade.

One day the *Major* after dinner sat  
 With friends around, with whom he held a c

Exclaiming first, the dearest friends must part,  
 "What, tho' I go, I leave with you my heart,  
 "I soon will come again and visit you."

He did get home, tho' late 'tis very true,  
 His face and body were quite black and blue,  
 Such falls in reeling home this sinner got :  
 Now this is what these boozing fellows love,  
 Unless they drink so, that they scarce can move,  
 You ne'er can please an old confirm'd sot.

He kept his promise, went to see his friend,  
 For fear this humming stingo 'd be t' 'n end ;  
 And as he came quite near the squire's gate,  
 The squire saw him nimbly passing by,  
 And to the cellar cast a wishful eye,  
 And rightly guess'd what he'd got in his pata.

The Squire gave orders that the stoutest beer  
 Should be supplied him whilst he tarried there,  
 But begg'd his men would tell him when he  
 went,  
 That he his footsteps might for certain trace,  
 Resolv'd to put him in so strange a place,  
 And stop at the squire's expence his future  
 merriment.

The drunken guager could not long hold out,  
 But soundly fell asleep, and was told out,  
 Near where the squire own'd a large coal pit :  
 " Let him down gently, Jack," the squire cries,  
 " I think 'twill fill him with so much surprize,  
 " He'll not come here to have a drunken fit."

Then quick in the basket made of wicker,  
 Down went the exciseman and his liquor,  
 Some time he senseless lay ere he awoke :  
 Some pretty clumsy thumps fell thick about him,  
 Giv'n by some giant, he did not doubt him,  
 Too true he found it was a sorry joke.

Smarting with pain, he op'd his long clos'd eyes,  
 And then his heart did beat with strange surprize,  
 Some ten or twenty voices in his ear ;  
 And then a pretty tribe of gentry black appear'd,  
 As well they might, th' exciseman scar'd,  
 He surely thought the devil must be near.

And having all then briskly frisk'd about,  
 Those pretty gentry all at once cried out,  
 " Who are you ?—your business ?—whence  
 d'ye come ?"

Forthwith, in humble accent, he replie . . .  
 With fault'ring voice, it cannot be denied,  
 The truth was spoken by this man of rum.

" So now, please your worship, mister devil,  
 " I hope your infernal majesty 'll be civil,  
 " To me, a wretched sorry only son,  
 " Come here some years, I own; before my time,  
 " And of my sinful life just in the prime,  
 " I little thought my race so nearly run.

" My father in a borough liv'd, called Looé,  
 " There I was born and bred, and sister too,  
 " And by good int'rest got me into th' excise :  
 " There I obtain'd a pretty good foot-walk,  
 " A snuggish sort of thing, as people talk,  
 " For such a one as me, not being over wise.

" Father, ere long again, his int'rest tries,  
 " To make me supervisor in th' excise ;  
 " But stop, sir, let me take a little gentle rest,  
 " The truth, good sir, is what I always prize,  
 " Excisemen, sure you know, detest all lies—  
 " To tell you all my life, I'll do my best."

Th' exciseman gaining breath did thus proceed,  
 " I've been a sorry man, had often need  
 " To taste of rum, ale, beer, it is no jest,  
 " As oft as in my way, or they were near,  
 " My drooping spirits wherewithal to cheer,  
 " And always stuck the longest to the best:

" I call'd one day at th' house of Squire Vere,  
 " In t'other world, in Glostershire,  
     " A mansion fine and in the cellars stow'd,  
 " All sorts of liquors of the primest sort,  
 " To which, one luckless day I paid my court,  
     " And so you see, good sir, I missed my road.

" But here, your majesty, make me what you  
     please,  
 " So once again I have a little ease,  
     " Indeed, sir, I will ne'er again be drunk,  
 " Not supervisor, or collector I,  
 " To be again in such a cursed fry,  
     " Your majesty must see how much I funk."

Just as he'd finish'd thus his piteous tale,  
 A noise, like thunder, did his ears assail ;  
     The squire kindly sent the basket down,  
 He thought he'd done enough to cure this sot,  
 The drunken guager must be sober got,  
     So from below he order'd him 'bove ground.

So great th' affright, when first he show'd his  
     head,  
 Looking like one just risen from the dead,  
     His face quite cover'd with a clammy sweat  
 " Split me," says he, " if I've a drunken fit,  
 " Or will be caught again near a coal pit,  
     " Or whilst I live, this curious freak forget."

*A Tribute to the Memory of the Rt. Hon. Charles  
James Fox.*

Alas! he's gone, whose comprehensive mind,  
Whose views embrac'd the good of all mankind ;  
Whose reas'ning eloquence in it's rapid course,  
Bore down th' opponent with resistless force ;  
Whose genius void of trick, from tinsel free,  
Bright as the sun, and boundless as the sea ;  
Whose heart with friendship, love, and feeling  
fraught,

Combin'd the depth of knowledge and of thought;  
Whose truth, taste, sense, simplicity and worth,  
All, all are now consigned to the earth.

Weep, Albion weep, thou wilt not weep alone,  
The globe's four quarters shall repeat thy moan ;  
For where's the clime, which hath not felt the  
care,

Of him, whose love all nations seem'd to share ?  
*India*, whose cause he labour'd to uphold,  
Whose rights he pleaded, and whose wrongs he  
told,

Still feels her breast with fond remembrance  
swell,

And mourns her loss, who mourn'd her woes so  
well,

*America*, grateful too, still weeps the sage,  
Who stemm'd the torrent of oppression's rage ;

And one day at the house of Squire  
 Westmoreland in Gloucestershire,

He came to the end of the cellar story  
 And to the end of the prison sort,  
 And he saw a man say I paid my  
 And he set good out I missed my

And he set good out I missed my  
 And he set good out I missed my

And he set good out I missed my  
 And he set good out I missed my

And he set good out I missed my  
 And he set good out I missed my

And he set good out I missed my  
 And he set good out I missed my  
 And he set good out I missed my  
 And he set good out I missed my  
 And he set good out I missed my  
 And he set good out I missed my

So great th' affright, when first he show'd  
 head,

Looking like one just awoken from a dream

His face quite white as snow

His face quite white as snow

His face quite white as snow

His face quite white as snow

His face quite white as snow

His face quite white as snow

His face quite white as snow

His face quite white as snow

His face quite white as snow

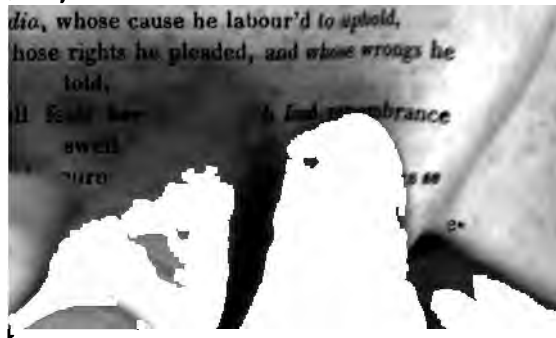
His face quite white as snow

*Tribute to the Memory of the Rt. Hon. Charles  
James Fox.*

as! he's gone, whose comprehensive mind,  
 hose views embrac'd the good of all mankind;  
 hose reas'ning eloquence in it's rapid course,  
 re down th' opponent with resistless force;  
 hose genius void of trick, from tinsel free,  
 ight as the sun, and boundless as the sea;  
 hose heart with friendship, love, and feeling  
     franght,  
 ombin'd the depth of knowledge and of thought;  
 hose truth, taste, sense, simplicity and worth,  
 l, all are now consigned to the earth.  
 eep, Albion weep, thou wilt not weep **alone**,  
 he globe's four quarters shall repeat **thy moan**;  
 or where's the clime, which hath **not felt the**  
     care,

**f him, whose love all nations seem'd to share?**

*dia, whose cause he labour'd to uphold,  
 hose rights he pleaded, and whose wrongs he  
 told,  
 ll feel her  
 swell  
 pure*



Cherish'd her glorious zeal, and joy'd to see  
 Her injured offspring's effort to be free.  
 In *Afric's* burning plains, her sable sons,  
 While down their cheeks the stream of sorrow  
     runs,  
 All bless the man who bade them fear no more,  
 The servile chain and scourge which streams  
     with gore.  
 But nearer home, the warring pow'rs who sigh'd  
 To sheath the sword, and hop'd that peace was  
     nigh,  
 All felt with Fox's death their hopes decrease,  
 And bleeding Europe mourn'd the friend  
     peace.



*Charles James Fox and the Debt of Honour.*

Of those who knew *Fox*, by all it was said  
 None had better heart, and few wiser head.  
 Yet foibles he had, for who is without 'em,  
 But so trivial they seem'd, that some would e'er  
     doubt 'em ;  
 His language so brilliant, his talents so shone  
 That his foibles appear'd like spots in the Sun.  
 The greatest of these his acquaintance all say  
 Was mark'd by extravagant fondness for play;

Whole days and whole nights, whene'er came  
the fit,  
With Gamblers and Sharpers would *Charles* then  
sit.

His luck it was various, as always the case,  
Sometimes he would win, but oft lose apace.

On one lucky morn, after leaving off play,  
A *Jew*, a large creditor, pass'd by that way.

Now *Moses*, it seems, was a very shrewd man,  
To retrieve what he lent could well lay a plan.  
"My good friend, Measter Fox, pray how d'ye do,  
"I am glad dat Dame Fortune has at length smi-  
led on you."

"She has," replied *Fox*. "Den, my very good  
friend,"

Says *Moses*, "I hope our account you'll now  
end."

"That can't be," said *Fox*, "tho' I'm lucky to  
day,

"I have many large debts of honour to pay."

"O, have you," said *Moses*, "see mine sir, is one,

"Thus I cancel your Bond, have security none."

*Fox*, pleas'd with the act, replied, "Sir you're  
right

"Your debt shall be paid you before it is night:"

*Charles* true to his word, his conduct requited,

And the *Jew* returned home with his money de-  
lighted.

Cherish'd her glorious zeal, and joy'd to see  
 Her injured offspring's effort to be free.  
 In *Afric's* burning plains, her sable sons,  
 While down their cheeks the stream of sorrow  
     runs,  
 All bless the man who bade them fear no more  
 The servile chain and scourge which stream  
     with gore.  
 But nearer home, the warring pow'rs who sigh'd  
 To sheath the sword, and hop'd that peace wa  
     nigh,  
 All felt with Fox's death their hopes decrease,  
 And bleeding Europe mourn'd the friend o  
     peace.



*Charles James Fox and the Debt of Honour.*

Of those who knew Fox, by all it was said  
 None had better heart, and few wiser head.  
 Yet foibles he had, for who is without 'em,  
 But so trivial they seem'd, that some would e'er  
     doubt 'em ;  
 His language so brilliant, his talents so shone  
 That his foibles appear'd like spots in the Sun.  
 The greatest of these his acquaintance all say  
 Was mark'd by extravagant fondness for play;

Whole days and whole nights, whene'er came  
the fit,  
With Gamblers and Sharpers would *Charles* then  
sit.

His luck it was various, as always the case,  
Sometimes he would win, but oft lose apace.

On one lucky morn, after leaving off play,  
A Jew, a large creditor, pass'd by that way.

Now *Moses*, it seems, was a very shrewd man,  
To retrieve what he lent could well lay a plan.  
My good friend, Measter Fox, pray how d'ye do,  
I am glad dat Dame Fortune has at length smil-  
led on you."

She has," replied *Fox*. "Den, my very good  
friend,"

says *Moses*, "I hope our account you'll now  
end."

That can't be," said *Fox*, "tho' I'm lucky to  
day,

I have many large debts of honour to pay."

O, have you," said *Moses*, "see mine sir, is one,  
Thus I cancel your Bond, have security none."

ix, pleas'd with the act, replied, "Sir you're  
right

Your debt shall be paid you before it is night."

*Charles* true to his word, his conduct requited,  
And the Jew returned home with his money de-  
lighted.

*Chief Justice Holt and the Witch.*

Some *Barristers* grown sick of law,  
 Resolv'd for their diversion,  
 For a few weeks to shut their books,  
 And take a Welch excursion.

The *Temple* then they gaily left,  
 No horses did they lack ;  
 But off they went on toe alert,  
 With kit upon their back.

Adventures many and quite droll,  
 They met with on their way ;  
 But only one 'tis my design,  
 At present to pourtray.

And this occur'd to one of them.  
 Of after well earn'd fame,  
 As all will surely well admit,  
 Who've heard of *Holt* the name.

These trav'lers having seen the sights,  
 For which they went abroad,  
 Resolving to return again,  
 Made Gloucestershire their road.

And sitting underneath a hedge,  
Not far from Petty France,  
They then, like prudent statesmen, form'd  
Committee of finance.

But 'twas a woeful sad account  
Which they began to find,  
As ways and means were wanting then,  
For them to raise the wind.

Where to resort, or how get home,  
These trav'lers could not tell,  
No vote of credit then knew they,  
Nor where the loanists dwell.

Their treasury thus canvassed,  
They in a doleful mood,  
Agreed themselves to separate,  
And get back as they could.

Then Mister Holt to Tewksbury  
Contriv'd to find his way,  
And at the White Hart there he stopt,  
An inn both neat and gay.

The landlady met him with smiles,  
As he came near the door,  
Her lovely daughter shiv'ring stood  
Nigh fainting on the floor.

Then Mister *Holt* to the mother spoke,  
As by the girl he pass'd,  
"I'll cure your daughter's ague fit,  
"And this shall be the last."

A strip of parchment then forthwith  
He from his pocket drew,  
And wrote thereon in old court hand,  
Then only known to few.

And then with dext'rous skill he tied  
The same round Betty's arm,  
The ague fit at once took flight,  
Dispell'd by this strange charm.

A week *Holt* tarried at the inn,  
His charm had wonders done ;  
A weakness only Betty had,  
The ague fully gone.

He then inquir'd o' th' hostess  
His bill for to depart ;  
"You're welcome, sir, to what you've had,  
"Good sir, with all my heart.

"My daughter kindly thanks you too,"  
"And so I do," says Bet ;  
"If I live to an hundred years,  
"I'll never you forget."

This lucky hit enabled *Holt*  
 Again to get to town,  
 Where soon these fellow trav'lers met  
 In mirth their cares to drown.

For wit and legal knowledge then,  
 This barrister 'came noted ;  
 And in a few succeeding years,  
 He was a judge promoted.

The circuits then he constant went,  
 In regular rotation ;  
 At length became *Chief Justice Holt*,  
 And well he fill'd his station.

At Glo'ster—— then he held th' assize,  
 Where witchcraft was much thought on ;  
 And many for this same offence,  
 Had then their trials brought on.

Amongst the rest, a wrinkled dame,  
 Excited indignation ;  
 With spells, 'twas said, she kill'd or cur'd,  
 Nor dreaded molestation.

The constable her papers seiz'd,  
 And into court convey'd ;  
 And there upon the table all,  
 They fully were display'd.

The judge he order'd that the same,  
 Might unto him be shown ;  
 The parchment wrist-band then he saw,  
 And writing all his own.

His lordship then the story told,  
 Most fully to the jury ;  
 The pris'ner soon acquitted was,  
 And 'scap'd the vulgar fury.

*The above is cited in Dr. Mavor's British Neros of Chief Justice Holt's Life, and there was no trial for witchcraft afterwards.*



*The Doctor and his Fee.*

When Guineas in England were known to be  
 plenty,  
 An active *Physician*, who moved very quick,  
 Was known oft to take from fifteen to twenty,  
 On a fortunate morn when he went to the sick.

A good patient, by him thought his health was  
 amended ;  
 When the Doctor appeared his guinea was  
 ready ;  
 And as soon as the Doctor his patient attended,  
 The bright fee was popt in his hand by Sir  
 Steady.

At th' hour that was usual, the Doctor one morn,  
Knockt at Sir Steady's door, when the nurse  
shook her head :

"What makes you, poor Jane, look so sad and  
so serious ?"

Says Jane, "well I might, poor Steady is dead."

"O Jane," says the Doctor, "pray dont be so  
grievous,

"I'll just step up stairs, and see if 'tis true ;

"I cannot believe that Sir Steady would leave us,

"Thus abrupt without thinking of me or of  
you."

So the Doctor up stairs most quickly then ven-  
tur'd,

And too true he found that the knight's life  
was gone ;

But so near was the time when the Doctor he  
enter'd,

That 'twixt Sir Steady's fingers the guinea  
bright shone.

"This is well," cries the Doctor, "my fee I  
expected,"

So the guinea he grasp'd, spite of Sir Steady's  
nails ;

"By me to the last he was never neglected,

"I now will march off, tho' dead men tell no  
tales."

*The Conjuror and the old Fox.*

A certain well known gamester liv'd,  
By playing cards and dice,  
And so as he o'erreach'd the rest,  
He was not over nice.

Fortune at length, that slipp'ry jade,  
Had left him with a frown,  
His roguish tricks were all found out,  
And he was forc'd from town.

He took himself to Yorkshire,  
Near where the Humber runs,  
And there he thought he should be safe,  
From bailiffs and from duns.

He knew not well how to subsist,  
So scanty was his fare,  
He might be said, Cameleon like,  
Almost to live on air.

His beard he suffer'd long to grow,  
His clothes did seldom change,  
And none could surely know him then,  
He was become so strange.



Some said he was a conjuror,  
They saw it in his looks,  
And others said it must be so  
For he read magic books.

This rumor soon came to his ears,  
Which caused no consternation,  
For though he never conjured yet,  
He set up conjuration.

You'd be surprized to hear how well  
He practis'd this new art,  
What sage advice to those who came,  
He freely did impart.

If barns were robbed, or houses broke,  
Or goods or money taken,  
If cattle kill'd, or stray'd away,  
Or farmers lost their bacon.

If any wish'd to know their fate,  
As widows, maids, or wives,  
Or any rare occurrences  
Of past or future lives.

To this same conjuror they went,  
Who gave them information  
Of all they wish'd to know,  
Without much hesitation.

So much his fame extended then,  
 His coffers filled so fast,  
 He only entertain'd a fear  
 His trade it would not last.

Two noble lords at length resolv'd  
 His conj'ring art to try,  
 And for that purpose orders gave  
 To have a sav'ry pie.

And these same lords took special care  
 That what the pie contain'd,  
 A secret should be closely kept,  
 And so it still remain'd.

And then between these noble lords  
 A wager large was laid,  
 The conjuror could not declare  
 Of what the pie was made.

The table being fully spread,  
 And company all come,  
 The conj'ror with solemnity  
 Was shown into the room.

He knew nought of the wager  
 These noble lords had laid,  
 Nor that he would be call'd upon  
 To exercise his trade.

At length one of the noble lords  
 Said, "Conjuror you must  
 "Now tell us what this pie contains  
 "Conceal'd beneath the crust."

The conjuror, with much affright,  
 Began to quake and tremble,  
 "My lords," says he, "the truth I'll tell,  
 "I will not now dissemble.

"The race is run— the chace is o'er,  
 "It has been running fast,  
 And you, my lords, can plainly see,  
 "Th' old fox is caught at last."

"That's right," cried out the noble lord  
 "Who gave the proffer'd bet,  
 "The fox is now beneath the crust,  
 "Five thousand pounds I get.

"Conjuror, to you, one half I give,  
 "To keep you for your life ;  
 "The other half I mean to give  
 "My children and my wife."

The conjuror then took his leave,  
 And made his bow profound ;  
 And whilst he lived his fame kept up  
 Throughout the country round.

*The happy Cottager.*

To his peaceable cot *Stephen* went home a  
 His care for the day being o'er,  
*Kate*, like a good wife, with their dear litt  
 Came out as he got to the door.

With rapture he caught his dear wife in hi  
 And accosted with language so mild,  
 In ecstasy kissed both his wife and his so  
 Who both then ineffably smil'd.

Then *Kate* she trimm'd up their little ne  
 And *Stephen* he sat down to rest,  
 No monarch on earth more happy could  
 Than himself with such treasure posses

Then, the good wife brought out a nice  
 egg,

'Twas all that she had in her hoard.

"Then take it, dear *Ste*," most kindly sh  
 Stephen plac'd it again on the board.

Th' expressions of kindness betwixt them  
 pass'd

'Twere needless just now to relate,  
 Stephen supt on the egg by his dear pa  
 wish

And was blest with the love of his *Kate*

*To Mary.*

If ever, dearest Mary, my fond heart  
Harbor a thought injurious to thy peace,  
May Hope's enliv'ning ray from me depart,  
And every gleam within my bosom cease!

No more may Fancy, deckt with choicest  
flow'rs,

Her flowing wreath around my brow entwine,  
No more to cheer of time the passing hours,  
Be her's the task, the fond enjoyment mine,

But ah! if purest fond requited love,  
The heart—corroding cares of life beguile,  
Let me, the precious boon transported prove,  
And bask beneath the sunshine of thy smile.

There, there with thee, in sweetest union blest,  
T' enjoy the transport thou alone giv'st birth,  
Fondly caressing, and by thee carest,  
'Twill be, lov'd fair, a paradise on earth.

*On the name of Mary.*

O ! name for ever to my memory dear,  
 How shall my muse in equal terms express  
 The fond effusions of a grateful heart  
 Thro' all my life, for *Mary's* tenderness.

The name of *Mary* in my infant years,  
 First caught my ear with stories cunning arch,  
 A good old nurse the same most pleasant told,  
 I never shall forget old *Mary March*.

Another *Mary* next my mind engag'd,  
 Of *Mary* only could I think or dream,  
 An elder sister *Mary* fondly play'd,  
 And *Mary, Mary*, was my only theme.

And now, when older and more curious grown,  
 And questions asking of my parents lives,  
*Mary*, again the pleasing name occur'd,  
 The best of mothers and the best of wives.

And twice a year, whene'er the fairs came round,  
 And when a school-boy at a distant town,  
 My good old grandam *Mary* often gave  
 At first a shilling, and then half a Crown.

Thus pleased with *Mary* throughout ev'ry stage  
 And ev'ry incident I pass'd in life,  
 It then became my earnest wish to find  
 Another *Mary* in a loving Wife.

Kindly my stars propitious led me forth,  
 And to my view brought *Mary*, lovely fair,  
 Whose beaut'ous mien, and innate modest worth  
 My ev'ry hope engag'd and ev'ry care.

The hymeneal knot with *Mary* tied,  
 Each earthly bliss with her I daily prov'd,  
 Near twenty years most swiftly stole away,  
 My *Mary* loving, and by her belov'd.

What anguish then this sorrowing bosom knew ?  
 My hopes of earthly happiness were fled  
 When my lov'd *Mary* bade her last farewell  
 To swell the number of the virtuous dead.



*On Retirement.*

Hail sweet retirement, 'neath thy peaceful bow'r,  
 Far from the tumult of the madd'ning throng,  
 Let me anticipate of future bliss,  
 To thee with rapture dedicate my song.

Let me not hurried by the lure of wealth,  
 The show of friendship, or ambition's call,  
 Encounter more the stormy seas of life,  
 For thee, *retirement*, I renounce them all.

O! Meditation's best and surest friend,  
 Thou sweet asylum in declining days,  
 Fondly I seek thee wheresoe'er thou art,  
 And tune my lyre to thy resistless praise.

There is a time, when thou can'st fully charm,  
 Can'st yield a transport to the feeling mind,  
 Can'st yield a pleasure which may be conceiv'd,  
 A real bliss by language undefin'd.

Yes! 'tis that time when to sequester'd grove  
 I slowly steal and meditate unseen,  
 In pensive silence, far from human view,  
 And ponder o'er of life that's past the scene:

For there the mem'ry of what once I lov'd,  
 Of those departed, whom I held most dear,  
 Pours soften'd balm into my grief worn heart,  
 And sorrow's soothing pains my bosom sees  
 to cheer.

*Mors Janua Vitæ.*

As motto on the hatchment plac'd on high  
 Mors janua vitæ you may well descry,  
 And, tho' one only obvious deduction,  
 Some men may put a different construction,  
 Who full contemplating the canvass view  
 For one who paid the debt to nature due.  
 Death is the gate of life, is the translation,  
 Which thus I give for those who have occasion,  
 But not for those of lib'ral education.  
 I know my friends you'll pardon this my free-  
 dom,

'Translations are deem'd fit by those who need  
 'em.

Death is the gate of life, the ensign cries,  
 My captain and lieutenant dead I rise.  
 It must be so ! 'tis no new fangled notion,  
 When seniors die the juniors get promotion.  
 Death is the gate of life, the peevish wife  
 Exclaims, my husband's dead, so ends my strife.  
 Some husbands too may cry, tho' out of turn,  
 No more with raging jealousy I burn,  
 She, she is dead, the cause of all my pain,  
 Who nigh had turn'd my poor distempered  
 brain.

The parson too, who benefice expected,  
 And thought his merit much too long neglected,  
 Who disappointment bore with patience mighty,  
 May think the motto true, *mors janua vitæ*,  
 When that he hears th' incumbent's life is ended,  
 Whose benefice for him is then intended.  
*Mors janua vitæ*, cries the spendthrift son,  
 My father's dead, my life is just begun ;  
 With pleasure hails a life to waste his wealth,  
 Destroy his peace of mind, as well as health.

Such my muse weens of many passers by  
 May on this motto be the sophistry.  
 How unlike these the thoughts of her once  
                   blest

With every comfort which this world possest,  
 Bereft of him in whom she found combin'd  
 The melting softness of a virtuous mind,  
 In him the lover and the husband join'd ?  
 Or the fond husband, whose new widow'd state  
 Impels to mourn the stern decrees of fate ?  
 Or the firm Christian, whose undaunted breast  
 Looks to a better world, there to be blest ;  
*" When earth and seas and mountains melt away,  
 And heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon us in a flood of day."*

*The Miser and the Golden Pills.*

*Muckworm*, when ill and like to die,  
For *Doctor Label* sent,  
To whom he might his pains relate,  
The Doctor quickly went.

Now, tho' he was advanc'd in age,  
And eighty years had seen,  
*Muckworm* had still enjoy'd such health  
He'd ne'er a patient been.

"Doctor," says he, "I'm very ill,  
"I pray you cure me quick,  
"For heavy charges, I am told,  
"Fall on a man long sick."

The Doctor smiling felt his pulse,  
Then said he'd little doubt,  
But he should quickly find the means,  
To bring him soon about.

He then went home unto his shop,  
Put up some gilded pills,  
Unto his patient then return'd,  
To cure him of his ills.

A monkey he kept, which then in the room  
 Saw the scandalous part his friends did assume  
 And looking about for something to find  
 Saw the Cardinal's Cap with Ermine well lin'd  
 Which forthwith he then put on his own head,  
 And with it danc'd round the Cardinal's bed,  
 Delighted, as if with nuts from a shelf,  
 Or the choice of a Card'nal had fall'n on himsel  
 The Card'nal forthwith, tho' writhing with  
 pain,  
 His risible muscles could not contain,  
 When exerting himself, the quinsy it broke,  
 As diverted he lay and laugh'd at the joke.



*The Idiot and the Cook's Shop.*

A Peasant quite hungry, one day chanc'd to  
 stop  
 Near the window or door of a dainty cook's  
 shop,  
 Where the fumes of the wine he so strong  
 inhal'd,  
 Without eating or drinking he felt well re-  
 gal'd.

*Hodge*, pleased with his fare, most freely  
did boast

How well he had far'd without troubling his  
host,

Which the cook then o'erhearing, to *Hodge*  
then replied,

That *Hodge* sure should pay him, he'd not be  
denied.

Now a squabble arose, and much altercation,  
And both then agreed to a fair arbitration,  
And the first whom they saw or went by that  
way

Was to settle, if any, what *Hodge* had to pay.

Now the person who pass'd was considered by  
many

An *idiot* or fool, and always called *Zani* ;

But whether the term was correctly applied,

Pray look to the sequel, and let that decide.

The cook boiling with anger his claim then re-  
lated,

Whilst *Hodge* with plain truth the story narrated;

When the just arbitrator made this award,

That all further claims should be thenceforth  
debarr'd :

A monkey he kept, which then in the room  
 Saw the scandalous part his friends did assume  
 And looking about for something to find  
 Saw the Cardinal's Cap with Ermine well lin'  
 Which forthwith he then put on his own head,  
 And with it danc'd round the Cardinal's bed,  
 Delighted, as if with nuts from a shelf,  
 Or the choice of a Card'nal had fall'n on himsel  
 The Card'nal forthwith, tho' writhing wit  
     pain,  
 His risible muscles could not contain,  
 When exerting himself, the quinsey it broke,  
 As diverted he lay and laugh'd at the joke.



*The Idiot and the Cook's Shop.*

A Peasant quite hungry, one day chanc'd to  
     stop  
 Near the window or door of a dainty cook's  
     shop,  
 Where the fumes of the wine he so strong  
     inhal'd,  
 Without eating or drinking he felt well re-  
     gal'd.

Why do you quit the blest retreat,  
 Of Innocence the happy seat,  
     With every blessing crown'd ;  
 Where ——— is like Flora seen  
 Enlivening the all beauteous scene,  
     Diffusing bliss around ?

Say, can no Lover's gentle sway  
 Induce you to prolong your stay,  
     And all his vows approve ?  
 For with such charms of form and mind,  
 Such beauty with good sense combined,  
     You must inspire with love.

But, Ah ! I think I hear you say  
 " Affection calls me thus away  
     " To Relatives most dear."  
 Delighted with the fond excuse,  
 Forgive, dear Nymph, th' inquiring Muse,  
     Of one a friend sincere.

And may you soon with rapture meet  
 All, all your friends in health complete,  
     And ev'ry blessing share.  
 And soon may some distinguish'd youth,  
 Of equal honour, equal truth,  
     Deserve your future care.

*The Frenchman and the rats, or the Landlord outwitted.*

As for London a Frenchman thro' Egham once  
went,

He stopt at Red Lion to take refreshment ;  
Where he ate two boil'd eggs, bit of cheese, tho'  
not large,

For which the good Landlord two shillings did  
charge.

There, whilst he sat eating, tho' surrounded  
with cats,

The Landlord complain'd he was troubled with  
rats,

And would give great reward to any who'd tell  
How these noxious vermin he might thence ex-  
pel.

Monsieur said to the Landlord, " Mine host de  
you see,

" I'll get rid of de Rats, if you give me de fee."

The Landlord elated twenty shillings paid  
down,

Which the Frenchman took up with bow most  
profound.

" Mine host den," says he, " if you mind vat  
say

" You'll get rid of de rats de most ready vay ;

**Why do you quit the blest retreat,  
 Of Innocence the happy seat,  
 With every blessing crown'd ;  
 Where —— —— is like Flora seen  
 Enlivening the all beauteous scene,  
 Diffusing bliss around ?**

**Say, can no Lover's gentle sway  
 Induce you to prolong your stay,  
 And all his vows approve ?  
 For with such charms of form and mind,  
 Such beauty with good sense combined,  
 You must inspire with love.**

**But, Ah ! I think I hear you say  
 " Affection calls me thus away  
 " To Relatives most dear."  
 Delighted with the fond excuse,  
 Forgive, dear Nymph, th' inquiring Muse,  
 Of one a friend sincere.**

**And may you soon with rapture meet  
 All, all your friends in health complete,  
 And ev'ry blessing share.  
 And soon may some distinguish'd youth,  
 Of equal honour, equal truth,  
 Deserve your future care.**

“ With rats,” says the Canon, “ I am most sadly  
vext

“ And how to get rid of them sorely perplext.

“ I keep, Sir, a terrier, a ferret and cats,

“ But these do not serve me to conquer the rats,

“ I tile traps and gins and lay poison too,

“ But all is in vain and nothing will do.

“ I tie round the neck of each cat a small bell

“ In hopes to succeed by the sound or the smell.

“ I hire too a boy to beat a great drum

“ To fright them away as oft as they come,

“ And, besides all I’ve said, I set some on fire,

“ As oft as I can that the rest may retire.”

“ Mr. Canon” says the Dean, “ now I beg and  
beseech

“ You’ll try one thing more—let them once hear  
you preach,

“ Lay aside your dog, ferret, cats, poison, gins,  
Drum,

“ I think to your house that again they’ll ne’er  
come.”

The Canon started, dropt his diminish’d head  
In silence left the room and went to bed.

" Send out den your cards all de rats to invite  
 " To come to your house to supper dis night,  
 " Give each two boil'd eggs, bit of cheese, too,  
     not large,  
 " And to each of de rats make a two shilling  
     charge.  
 " De nostrum is good, for as sure as a gun,  
 " Dey will scamper away, and your house dey  
     will shun.  
 " Bon soit, mine good host." Then cap'ring up  
     light  
 The Frenchman ran off and was soon out of sight

~~~~~

*The Dean, the Canon, and the rats.*

At Visitation once held by ——— the Dean  
 A numerous assemblage of Clergy was seen.  
 At dinner a Canon, much given to prosing,  
 Sat near to the Dean, and his Rev'ence quite  
     nosing,  
 The Dean, with good humour his stories long  
     heard,  
 Tho' some were quite childish, and others ab-  
     surd,  
 And none but the Canon can utter a word

Whilst rogues, like Gripe, unpunish'd go.  
 Riches the case so alter,  
 The first our pity justly claims,  
 The last deserves a halter.



*The Ass in the Lion's Skin—and old fable verifie*

An Ass once found a Lion's skin  
 So large that he could creep therein ;  
 Therewith equipt, the silly creature  
 A lion thought himself by nature.  
 And thus array'd, full of conceit,  
 He strove to mock the Lion's gait.  
 With greater pomp no brute e'er pass did,  
 Than thus accoutr'd this same Ass did.  
 Women and children, helter skelter,  
 On seeing him ran off for shelter.  
 'Twas then t' appear like Lion more,  
 He fain would then as Lion roar.  
 Which act so foolish did betray  
 To all who heard, the Ass to bray.

MORAL.

So have I seen throughout life's day,  
 Some powder'd coxcomb strut away ;  
 Full of himself, like something great,  
 Until his tongue proclaims the cheat :

And like the Daw, which did presume  
 Not on his own, but Peacock's plume.  
 This fable shows, if right we scan,  
 'Tis inward worth that constitutes the man.



*The Tailor and the cold Duck.*

One day on the Avon poor *Snip* went to skate,  
 Where he skated so gay and so nice,  
 All who view'd him were pleas'd with his manner  
 and gait  
 So neatly display'd on the ice.

After skating some time the ice it gave away,  
 Poor *Snip* sunk quite up to his middle,  
 After sprawling about he contriv'd to get out,  
 But how, is a sort of a riddle.

A friend seeing *Snip* just after his dip,  
 Said sure he had marvellous luck,  
 "'Twere best not to roam, but mind *hot goose at*  
*home*  
 "'Stead of going to *get a cold Duck.*"

*Pat and Wild Ducks.*

With couple of live ducks Pat went for Balshan-  
non,

And eke with a letter to Captain O'Canon ;  
But an inn, about midway, poor Pat could not  
pass,

Without stopping in to take of whiskey a glass.  
There, whilst he sat drinking, a wag thought it  
right

That the poor feather'd pris'ners again should  
take flight,

So uplifting the cover, they were soon out of  
sight.

Pat went on with his basket and deliver'd his  
letter

To the captain, than wild ducks who lik'd nothing  
better.

" I see by this letter," says the captain, " my  
friend

" A couple of wild ducks so good is to send."

" Botheration," cries Pat, " with good luck  
I am crown'd,

" Since your honor the ducks in the letter has  
found."

And like the Daw, which did presume  
Not on his own, but Peacock's plume.

This fable shows, if right we scan,  
'Tis inward worth that constitutes the man.



*The Tailor and the cold Duck.*

One day on the Avon poor *Snip* went to skate,  
Where he skated so gay and so nice,  
All who view'd him were pleas'd with his manner  
and gait  
So neatly display'd on the ice.

After skating some time the ice it gave away,  
Poor *Snip* sunk quite up to his middle,  
After sprawling about he contriv'd to get out,  
But how, is a sort of a riddle.

A friend seeing *Snip* just after his dip,  
Said sure he had marvellous luck,  
" 'Twere best not to roam, but mind *hot* goose at  
home  
" 'Stead of going to *get a cold Duck*."

So he sent for the dame to enquire the meaning,  
 What act 'twas for her he had happily done,  
 When, without hesitation the least in proceeding,  
 To the *Pope* in a trice she her story begun.

“Your holiness sees I am not very young,  
 “Three *Popes* have I known, their conduct  
 survey’d;  
 “The first ’em was bad, but for fear of a worse,  
 “For long life to him I constantly pray’d.

“The next *Pope* that came was found to be  
 worse,  
 “So I still kept up praying long life to this  
 elf;  
 “Then *your holiness* came, who are much worse  
 than either,  
 “And can only be equall’d by old Nick him-  
 self.”

~~~~~

*The Captive.*

“See in yon gloomy cell for life confin’d,  
 “The wretched captive his sad fate bewail  
 “Mark’d on it’s wall the sorrows of his mind,  
 “His only instrument a rusty nail.

" For ten long years a stranger to his home,  
     " Torn from his friends and all he held most  
     dear,  
 " Unable from his dungeon once to roam,  
     " No friend to cheer him and no comfort near :

" For him the feather'd tribe no music bring,  
     " Nor smiling sun-beams play around his head;  
 " No more he hails the sweet return of spring,  
     " Nor views the beauties of th' enamel'd mead:

" For him no more the blazing hearth does burn,  
     " Nor busy house wife ply her evening care,  
 " No children strive to lisp their sire's return,  
     " Nor climb his knees the envied kiss to share :

" No gentle breezes whisper thro' the air,  
     " Nor aught assuasive of his ceaseless pain ;  
 " No friendly converse, hope, or sound is near,  
     " Save the sad clanking of his galling chains.

" Ye good and generous who compassion know,  
     " Who truly sympathize in others woe,  
     " Bring to your bosom sorrows not your own,  
     " In kindness listen to the captive's moan."

Thus *Pity* spake in accents tender, meek,  
     With downcast look, her manners gentle, mild,  
 Whilst softened tears bedew'd her either cheek,  
     And wept forgiveness o'er misfortune's child.

But mark what *Justice* in her turn replies,  
*Justice* who yonder sits with blindfold eyes.

“ *Pity*, your tears are puerile and vain,  
 “ In that vile wretch in yonder cell immur’  
 “ Exists a heart with black malignant stain,  
 “ Most deeply ting’d and never to be cur’d.

“ Intent on plunder, and on murder too,  
 “ With fi’ry torch he burnt his neighbour  
     house ;  
 “ Sought in their blood his wicked hands t’ en-  
     brue,  
 “ Of unoffending man, his children, spouse.

“ Then cease your sniv’ling cant, your tea-  
     give o’er,  
 “ And urge compassion for this wretch no more  
 “ Mercy to him the rest of men would find  
 “ An act to them ungracious and unkind :  
 “ ’Tis false humanity—dry those tears betime  
 “ For ill judg’d lenity is the nurse of crimes.”



*The Collier and his Rib.*

*Tom Padfield*, a collier, took’t into his head.  
 That with *Nelly Robins* he shortly would wed  
 But first he consider’d and ere the knot tie  
 To make some enquiry concerning his br’

So he went to *Jack Sweet*, a friend who liv'd near,  
And had married her sister for more than a year.

"Mister Sweet," then says Tom," excuse my  
partishen,

"I've got a great mind to change my condishen,

"And I think *Nelly Robins*, a nice bit of stuff,

"Wud make a good wife for I zure enuff ;

"But as you married *Kate*, I axe your advice,

"Which I'm zure you will gee to me in a trice."

*Jack* paus'd for a moment, ere thus he began,

"Why look ye friend *Tom*, I'm a plain spoken  
man,

"To be zure," then says he," I think as for *Nell*,

"She may make a good wife, if you manage well ;

"But if she have got the complaint o' her sister,

"It wud be as well, friend *Tom*, if you miss'd her,

"For the girls they are apt," said *Jack*, with a  
grin,

"To have strange breakings out 'twixt the nose  
and the chin."

*Tom* thank'd his good friend for what he had said,  
And went away staring and scratching his head.

He lookt then at *Nell*, and gave her a kiss,

But nought in her face could he see then amiss.

So the knot soon was tied, the bells merry did  
ring,

And *Tom* was as great and as gay as a king.

But as fine weather's often succeeded by fog,  
*Tom* soon he perceiv'd *Nell* put on a black shawl,  
 And in a few days he found he'd got hold  
 Of a female who like *Xantippe* could scold.  
*Tom* knew then too late, without casting at  
 What *Jack Sweet* had meant by the *strange bring out*.



*The Carpenter and two holes in the Barn Door*

A squire once had built a barn,  
 Which gave him great delight ;  
 The whole so exquisite was done,  
 It was a pleasing sight.

One morn he went into the yard,  
 When passing the barn's door,  
 Into a vi'lent passion fell,  
 And loudly curs'd and swore.

The carpenter two holes had cut,  
 As in the door were seen ;  
 One was quite large, the other small,  
 If rightly I do ween.

In haste to *Chip's* the squire ran,  
 And got there out of breath,  
 And when he 'gan to *Chip* to speak,  
 He look'd as pale as death.

"What is it, Will?" the squire cries,  
 "You to the barn have done?  
 "You've cut two holes—without my leave,  
 "You should not have cut one."

"Your pardon, Sir," says Will, "I crave,  
 "I'll tell you in a trice,  
 "I've cut two holes t' admit the cats,  
 "To catch the rats and mice."

"You silly knave," the squire cries,  
 "Why did you then cut two?  
 "When one, no doubt, as all must own,  
 "Would for this purpose do."

"O Sir," says Will, "when he could speak,  
 (Tho' quite with wonder smitten,)  
 "The large hole's for the great big cat,  
 "The small one for the kitten."



*One good turn deserves another.*

Two brother masons one day met,  
 Giles being nearly drest,  
 His Brother Will remark'd his cloaths,  
 Which Giles said were his best.

*Will* gave him then a suit of black,  
 In which he lately mourn'd,  
 Which *Giles* most kindly then receiv'd,  
 But said they had been turn'd.

“Nay take them then,” said brother *Will*,  
 “And do not make a pother,  
 “But, if you like, turn them again,  
 “For one good turn deserves another.”



*Invocation to Poesy.*

Come in thy native charms array'd  
 Sweet *Poesy*, thou lovely maid,  
 I fondly woo thee to my cell,  
 Then deign with me, fair nymph, to dwell.

Oft have thy charms my bosom fir'd,  
 With tender thoughts my mind inspir'd,  
 O, let me woo thee to my cell,  
 And deign with me fair nymph, to dwell.

If faithless friends man's doom'd to prove,  
 Or cruel pangs of ardent love.  
 'Tis thou canst cheer his glomy cell,  
 Then deign with me, fair nymph, to dwell.

“ What is it, Will ?” the squire cries,  
 “ You to the barn have done ?  
 “ You’ve cut two holes—without my leave,  
 “ You should not have cut one.”

“ Your pardon, Sir,” says Will, “ I crave,  
 “ I’ll tell you in a trice,  
 “ I’ve cut two holes t’ admit the cats,  
 “ To catch the rats and mice.”

“ You silly knave,” the squire cries,  
 “ Why did you then cut two ?  
 “ When one, no doubt, as all must own,  
 “ Would for this purpose do.”

“ O Sir,” says Will,” when he could speak,  
 (Tho’ quite with wonder smitten,)  
 “ The large hole’s for the great big cat,  
 “ The small one for the kitten.”



*One good turn deserves another.*

Two brother masons one day met,  
 Giles being meanly drest,  
 His Brother *Will* remark’d his cloaths.  
 Which *Giles* said were his best.

One day his lordship fill'd his glass,  
 But ere he let the bottle pass,  
 His bosom heaved convulsive sigh,  
 Whilst tears came trickling from his eye,  
 His looks he to the chaplain aim'd,  
 At length relieved, he thus exclaim'd  
 " *Mare pacificum*, I give,  
 'Tis true, my friend, as now I live."

The chaplain knew poor Mary well,  
 And all her turbulence could tell,  
 A moment paus'd, then silence broke,  
 And to the bishop thus he spoke,  
 " 'Tis true, my lord, as now I thirst,  
 " But she was *mare mortuum* first.

~~~~~  
*To an Alderney Cow.*

Gentle *Motley* hither ramble,  
 Cease to feed on yonder hill,  
 Hither hasten when I bid thee  
 Hither come and take thy fill.

Choicest viands now I bring thee  
 From my garden overgrown,  
 Sweet as clover, peas, or vetches,  
 Or as hay when newly mown.

Landed from a distant island,  
 Thee I welcome to my stall,  
 Come thou tame and docile creature,  
 Come obedient to my call.

Here in safety thou may'st ramble,  
 Safely here thy meals enjoy,  
 Tho' thou came'st here a stranger,  
 Nought thy comfort thall annoy.

Thou, sweet cow, for all my kindness,  
 Amply wilt my care repay,  
 Yielding forth thy milky treasure,  
 Pleas'd through each succeeding day.

Let man follow thy example,  
 And add lustre to his name,  
 Gratitude his highest honor,  
 Gratitude shall crown his Fame.



*Sawney and the School Boys.*

*Sawney* to Glasgow often went  
 To sell his ducks and geese,  
 And all the produce of his farm,  
 His pigs, his grain and cheese.

Some wicked school boys often saw  
Poor Sawney by the way,  
And were resolv'd when next he came,  
A trick on him to play.

One day he chanc'd to take a goose,  
He knew 'twould be a treat,  
And that the Scotch, like other men,  
Lik'd dainty bits to eat.

An iddle boy came simp'ring up,  
Said with a smirking jig,  
"Now, Master Sawney, what shall I  
"Now give you for your pig?"

"A pig," cried Sawney, "sure 'tis not,  
"But 'tis a fine young goose,  
"As you would by it's feathers see,  
"If from the basket loose."

Another stripling soon came up,  
Who wish'd to buy his pig,  
Which made poor Sawney stare amain,  
And scratch his head and wig.

A third, ere he to Glasgow got,  
Was running the same rig,  
And said that by the head and tail,  
*It surely was a pig.*

Sawney declar'd he put a goose  
 With care into the flasket,  
 But now he thought the de'l he'd got  
 Confin'd within his basket.

So gently lifting up the cloth,  
 Expos'd the goose to view,  
 Which finding all restraint remov'd,  
 Away most quickly flew.

The school boys nimbly scamper'd off,  
 You'd thought it were a race,  
 So soon they were got out of sight,  
 As if in wild goose chase.

One active boy a stone then threw,  
 Which struck the goose's head,  
 And quickly brought the victim down  
 All bleeding and nigh dead.

And then with speed they hasten'd back  
 To join their friends at school,  
 To cook and eat their dainty prize,  
 And Sawney ridicule.

The master, like a cunning Fox,  
 Soon smell'd the sav'ry bird,  
 And unperceiv'd near them he got,  
 And all their pranks o'er heard.

Next morn in school all these sad boys  
 The master did well tickle,  
 By giving birch as their desert,  
 From a good rod in pickle.



*The Oxford Scholars and the Waiter.*

Some Oxford Scholars one day met to dine,  
 Unto the Star adjourn'd to take their wine.  
 "Waiter," says one, "now from your choicest  
 stock,  
 "Bring us a bottle of best hic, hæc, hoc.  
 The waiter made his bow and left the room,  
 But not to come again did he presume.  
 "Why, where's the wine," cries one, "I cannot  
 tell,"  
 "Jack call the waiter,—do pray ring the bell,"  
 "Have you no hock that's good, or can't you find  
 it?"  
 "We have that's good," the waiter cries, "but I  
 thought you declin'd it."

*On the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo.*

O, Wellington, thy glorious name  
 Borne on the wing of loudest Fame,  
     Parades the admiring world ;  
 The gallant deeds which thou hast done,  
 And battles by thy valour won,  
     By British thunder hurl'd.

No pencil need with colours warm,  
 Nor chissel'd bust pourtray thy form,  
     Rare produce of the arts,  
 For long as Albion's Isle remains,  
 Thy deathless name itself sustains,  
     Embalm'd in British hearts.

~~~~~  
*On Woman.*

In the mix'd lottery of human life,  
     Amidst the various ills which man surround,  
 'Tis in the fond endearments of a wife,  
     That earthly happiness alone is found.

With her the breath of morn and rising's sweet,  
     Of earliest birds the carols fondly charm,  
 The cheering sun renders the scene complete,  
     Whose orient beams the beauteous landscape  
     warm.

With her herbs, fruits, and flowers hung with  
 dew,  
 And fertile earth fragrant become by showers,  
 And evening mild their grateful joys renew,  
 And walk where Luna all her influence  
 pours.

With her the solemn bird and silent night,  
 The glitt'ring star light all conspire to please,  
 Afford to man the source of true delight,  
 Unsullied rapture, comfort, health and ease.

'Tis then to lovely woman that we owe  
 The choicest blessings which in life we find,  
 To stop the tear of unavailing woe,  
 And soothe the harrowing anguish of the mind.

'Tis her's midst summer's sun or winter's snow,  
 Amidst the changes which the seasons prove,  
 To cause the stream of pure content to flow,  
 And fond requital of connubial love.



### EPIGRAM.

*The Quaker and the Dandy.*

*Scapegrace to Broadbrim* said one day,  
 "I can't believe what Scriptures say,  
 "That *David* with a pebble stone  
 "Could pierce *Goliath's* skull of bone."

Contemptuously, *Broadbrim* replied,  
 "The Scripture's true, can't be denied,  
 "The task were easy, I divine,  
 "If that Goliath's head were soft as thine."



*The Parson and the Calf which sucked two Cows.*

*Doctor Puff* did a living in Essex obtain,  
 And went there to preach and to pray ;  
 His Parish'ners to greet him did soon after meet,  
 Their respects their new pastor to pay.

Now he wish'd them to dine, which they readily  
 did,  
 To have 'bout their tithes conversation ;  
 The parson, good man, only wanted his due,  
 But he first made a sort of oration.

"My good friends," says he, "I would have  
 you to know,  
 "At both universities I have been bred ;  
 "I thank my good patron who made me your  
 priest,  
 "That here I now hold up my head."

Then one of the farmers broke out int' a grin  
 Tho' he strove all in vain to suppress it,  
 When the doctor intreated he'd tell him t  
 cause,

For surely he never could guess it.

A long time the farmer th' intreaty withstood,  
 'Till all present join'd in the request,  
 When the farmer at length being so importun  
 The good clergyman briefly address.

"Why *Doctor*," says he, "I'd a very fine c:  
 "As Wiltshire, my neighbour, there know:  
 "The largest and fattest I ever had own'd,  
 "Because 't had the milk of two cows.

"So I hope that your honour won't now ta  
 offence,

"Because I unseemly did laugh,

"When you talk'd of your two varsitys, I vor  
 "It put me in mind of my calf."



*The Sheep in Tarrytown Church.*

As thro' Tarrytown *Hobbs* was driving so  
 sheep,

They nimbly ran on, whom unable to keep,  
 And, the door being open of Tarrytown church  
 They all scamper'd in and left him in the lurch

Hobbs followed on quick, and went in soon after,  
When he found congregation convulsed with  
laughter ;

But the priest than the rest, it seems more de-  
vout,

Exclaim'd, "Mister Drover, pray take yourself  
out."

"To go, sir," says Hobbs, "my mind is de-  
cided,

"As soon as my sheep from your goats are di-  
vided."



*Lady and the Rose.*

Lady, see yon blushing rose,  
All it's beauteous tints disclose,  
Scatt'ring rich perfume ;  
Fain I'd o'er roses seek,  
Dimpled on thy lovely cheek,  
Roses in their bloom.

Lady, let not then thy scorn  
In my bosom plant a thorn,  
Spare the fatal dart ;  
As thy frowns would surely kill,  
So thy smiles with rapture fill  
My enslav'd but constant heart.

*Lord North and the Oxford Scholar.*

Next the good humor'd North at Nuncham v  
 plac'd,  
 A gay youth from Oxford at table well grac'd  
 Who besought the good Lord would tell him t  
 name  
 Of a lady he called a fat ugly dame :  
 " 'That's my wife, sir," says North, with mu  
 humour and mirth,  
 " We are thought far the ugliest couple on ear  
 " Not her," cried the youth, " the next," t  
 Lord cried with laughter,  
 " The last that you name, good sir, is my daug  
 ter."

*The Butterfly.*

Observe the curious butterfly,  
 Its various shades behold,  
 How striking to th' admiring eye,  
 It's tints resembling gold.  
 If thro' the microscope is view'd  
 It's beauteous little wing,  
 You well it's feathers may perceive,  
 And quills from whence they spring.

A lace more fine than Brussels art,  
 Or you in England find,  
 Kind nature with peculiar skill  
 Unto the wing has join'd.

Now in it's zenith, when the sun  
 Shines with refulgent rays,  
 This little insect spreads its wings,  
 And sports amidst the blaze.

Flutters well pleas'd from flow'r to flow'r,  
 It's little wings to try,  
 Presents such colours then to view  
 As with the rainbow vie.

Then seen awhile, as if extinct,  
 In torpid state to lie,  
 And casting off it's cumbrous skin,  
 Ere it had wings to fly.

Tho' now so gay, yet ah! of late  
 How wretched was its form?  
 When crawling in it's reptile state,  
 A despicable worm.

'Twas *God* who caus'd this mighty change,  
 Bestow'd its painted wings;  
 The *God*, who made both fly and man,  
 The only king of kings.

## MORAL.

Reader, this emblem bear in mind,  
 And always keep in view,  
 That transformation after death,  
 Awaits both me and you.

~~~~~

*Epigram.*

A dame in high life complain'd to a friend  
 That of malice the shafts had surely no end,  
 For 'tis boldly asserted that twins I have had  
 Which as it is false, almost makes me run mad.  
 Mrs. Gossip replied, "Don't trouble your head  
 "I don't believe more than one half of what  
 said."

~~~~~

*The Fox and the Bees, an old fable versified.*

As the tale goes, a Fox one day,  
 Abroad stalk'd forth in search of prey :  
 Soon he espied of bees a hive  
 With numerous tenants all alive,  
 Their daily labor all pursuing,  
 No fear had they of mischief brewing.



To taste the sweets his fancy burn'd,  
 The hive he topsy turvy turn'd.  
 As with the honey he regal'd  
 The little tribe their foe assail'd.  
 His eyes, ears, head, and shaggy hide  
 With his own blood they quickly dy'd.  
 A swallow saw him thus distrest,  
 Unto the fox herself addrest,  
 "My good friend Reynard prithee say,  
 "Shall I these foes now drive away?"  
 "I thank thee much my worthy friend,"  
 Quoth Reynard, "for what you intend,  
 "But beg you'll let these miscreants stay,  
 "For if they go, more fell than they  
 "Another swarm may quickly come  
 "Drink up my blood and seal my doom :  
 "Whilst those you see of this same swarm.  
 "Being nearly gorg'd can't do more harm.

## MORAL.

Ingenuous reader, if thou art inclin'd,  
 A moral in this present tale to find,  
 Forgive the muse, nor deem it an intrusion  
 If she bring forward somewhat of allusion.  
 The bees with blood nigh gorg'd, or I'm a novice.  
 I deem may be compar'd to men in office.

Whilst those more hungry, not a jot more mee  
 May be compar'd to those who office seek.  
 If they succeed t' obtain the wish'd for station  
 Perchance they'd sap the vitals of the nation.



*The Romancing Doctor outdone.*

A sporting Doctor once there liv'd  
 In practice rather low,  
 But who was fam'd where'er he went.  
 For using the long bow.

To hear the tales he often told,  
 'Twould fill you with surprize,  
 But for my present purpose now  
 One only will suffice.

One day, said he, as he walk'd out,  
 Just broken from his clog,  
 At him most furiously did run  
 A savage mastiff dog.

T' escape his bite he could not tell,  
 Nor could he turn about,  
 So thrust his hand in the dog's mouth  
 And turn'd him inside out.

The company who heard the tale,  
To give belief were loath,  
'Till Gallipot, in angry tone,  
Confirm'd it with an oath.

An officer then sitting by,  
Requested he might tell,  
A tragical event to him,  
Which when abroad befel.

"As I was walking out," says he,  
"One day near Erie Lake,  
"Four bold Americans came up,  
"And strove my life to take.

"Two first of these I quickly slew—"  
The doctor said with laughter,  
"The other two, my good friend, then,  
"You surely kill'd soon after."

"Good doctor, gently hear me out,  
"As you must plainly see,  
"You surely now mistake the case,  
"The other two kill'd me!"

"Zounds," cries the doctor, "how is this ?  
"This story 's very fine."  
"Doctor, I did not question your's,  
"You should not question mine."

## MORAL.

Ye bouncers then, where'er ye be,  
 Pray bear this in your mind,  
 That when such bouncers ye become,  
 A greater ye may find.

And let me hold this moral up,  
 A lesson fit for youth ;  
 " The surest way to happiness  
 " Is always speaking truth."

~~~~~

 EPIGRAM.

*The Judge and the hung beef.*

At dinner one day a grave, learned Judge  
 Survey'd all the dishes then plac'd on the table.  
 With appetite good, of most too he tasted,  
 Tho' the number so great, to taste all was un-  
 able.

On the sideboard his lordship survey'd some cold  
 beef,  
 " This is hung," says the Judge, " pray who  
 can deny it ?  
 " 'Twill be hung, I am sure," cries a wit who  
 sat near,  
 " If ever your lordship should happen to try  
 it."

## EPIGRAM.

Says *Tom* to *Nan*, "my dearest life,

"Altho' you are a loving wife,

"Yet still to you I must protest

"I think that *Afric's* wives are best :

"For they, when husbands end their lives,

"At once like fond and loving wives,

"Undaunted mount the funeral pile,

"Where amidst flames they burn and smile."

"Hold, hold," cried *Nan*, "You need not  
roam,

"For burning love so far from home,

"For English ladies in their turn

"Are often known with flame to burn."

"That's true," cried *Tom* my witty *Nan*,

"But then 'tis for another man."



## EPIGRAM.

Poor *Terence* and *Pat*, two brothers I ween,

Once near fatal tree, the gallows were seen.

Says *Terence*, "My friends, look here do you see,

"What a spectacle shocking we two brothers  
be."

"You are wrong," exclaims *Pat* "I vow and de-  
clare

"Of spectacles shocking we two make a pair."

*To Spring.*

Stern winter now no more I pensive mourn,  
 But hail, O. beauteous spring thy blest return :  
 For now the trees with new sprung leaves are  
     seen,

And vegetation thrives in varied green.  
 But, ere the rose bud shows its peeping red,  
 The tender snow-drop rears it's drooping head :  
 And soft'ning dews and mild refreshing show'rs  
 Call from the earth the variegated flow'rs :  
 Give to the air a fragrant rich perfume,  
 And 'gin to scatter universal bloom.

On thy approach, the peasants cheerful toil  
 With sturdy ploughs to delve the harden'd soil,  
 Become more mellow by descending rains  
 And by the gentle breeze that skims the plains,  
 Each field is then with proper seed possest,  
 To heav'n is left the finishing the rest.

Now nature's songsters pour forth wildest  
     notes

Of love songs chaunted from their downy throats,  
 In leagues connubial wing their happy way  
 The great command of Nature to obey.  
 The twitt'ring swallow borne on active wing  
 Skims thro' the air and greets the welcome  
     spring.

## EPIGRAM.

Says *Tom* to *Nan*, "my dearest life,  
 " Altho' you are a loving wife,  
 " Yet still to you I must protest  
 " I think that *Afric's* wives are best :  
 " For they, when husbands end their lives,  
 " At once like fond and loving wives,  
 " Undaunted mount the funeral pile,  
 " Where amidst flames they burn and smile."  
 " Hold, hold," cried *Nan*, " You need not  
     roam,  
 " For burning love so far from home,  
 " For English ladies in their turn  
 " Are often known with flame to burn."  
 " That's true," cried *Tom* my witty *Nan*,  
 " But then 'tis for another man."

## EPIGRAM.

Poor *Terence* and *Pat*, two brothers I ween,  
 Once near fatal tree, the gallows were seen.  
 Says *Terence*, " My friends, look here do you see,  
 " What a spectacle shocking we two brothers  
     be."  
 " You are wrong," exclaims *Pat* " I vow and de-  
     clare  
 " Of spectacles shocking we two make a pair."

Now on ham or some dainty these lively young  
students

Well plac'd on their table, their skill oft display'd,

And a fine Yorkshire ham on their table that  
morning

And other nice things were in order array'd.

"O, sir," replied Ned, "your son's a great Lawyer,

"Go up stairs and see, or I'm greatly mistaken,

"I have left him this moment at studies hard  
working,

"And fondly digesting *abridgment of Bacon*."



*On the Author's visiting France.*

When I resolv'd to foreign clime to roam,

Far from Britannia's isle my native home,

At Boulogne sur la mer I took my stand,

In safety landed on her motley strand.

With female porters then the beach was lin'd,

Their friv'lous husbands keeping back behind

No care connubial on their wives bestow'd.

None strove to ease them of their pond'rous  
load,

But danc'd and fiddl'd or some gambols play'd,

Or else with smoking pass'd their time away.

High 'bove the town Napoleon's tower is seen,  
 'T o'erlook the British coast and what's be-  
 tween,

When with bold menace he did vainly boast  
 Albion t' invade with numerous gallic host,  
 O'er Cressy's\* plain I went, where battle won,  
 By England's *Edward* and his valiant son,  
 There the rude marks of fight disastrous seen,  
 Of many warriors lying 'neath the green.  
 Then to *Montreuil* I journey'd towards night.  
 Whose massy walls engaged my wond'ring sight,  
 Where boldly rising 'bove the lofty hill,  
 The mind at once with awe and grandeur fill.  
 The gates were shut ere we approach'd the  
 town,  
 And when arriv'd our passports then were  
 shewn.

Next morn the battlements I travers'd round  
 And seem'd to tread as on enchanted ground.  
 As o'er her walls I view'd the boundless plain,  
 And far and near beheld the rip'ning grain,  
 The whilst my eye th' enamour'd scene survey's,  
 My bosom glows with unabating praise,

---

\* The battle of Cressy took place in 1346, was the first battle in which gunpowder was used, and Edward the III<sup>d</sup>. and his son the black prince, so called from his wearing black armour, were victorious.

I contemplate the hand by which 'twas giv'n,  
And all the vast munificence of heav'n.  
The curious trav'ler here might fondly stay  
And lengthen out the long extended day,  
Wrapt in the thought that *Sterne* with nature  
warm'd

From the rich treasure of his bosom form'd,  
And here his work of sentiment began—  
Ornament to literature and man.

And here amidst the mild auspicious shade,  
Th' unrivall'd beauties of his mind display'd,  
In kindness from his breast the blossoms drew,  
Of learning, science, ever fair and new.

Which there in native loveliness still grew,  
Scatter'd the scions with a lib'ral hand.

**T' enrich his own as well as foreign land.**

And with benevolence, gentle, unconfi'd,

**Pourtray'd the Eden of a bounteous mind.**

'Twas here he hir'd *Fontaine*, whose deathless  
name

**Perennial blooms, link'd to his master's fame.**

Since in this country war no more is known,

**'The sportsman may regard it as his own.**

Here undisturb'd may traverse o'er the fields,

**Share the rich pastime which the country yields;**

**Here may enjoy the pleasures of the chase.**

**With dog and gun the num'rous covies trace,**

e Fox unkennel, or with hound and horn,  
 re the fleet hare, or at the peep of morn  
 ice the wild boar, or drive him from his den,  
 e snipe, or wild-duck, find within the glen,  
 od-cocks, teal, tabbets, pigeons, plovers, see,  
 e feather'd race in great variety.  
 nare the pike, eels, salmon, trout, and bream,  
 other tenants of the liquid stream.  
 game laws here impose on him restraint,  
 lord or squire exhibit their complaint ;  
 proctor here to tithe his corn or hay,  
 take his fruits of industry away,  
 l here no tithe, from hogs or poultry taken,  
 e lucky farmer saves both eggs and bacon.  
 et still the English who to France do roam  
 l find less freedom than they leave at home.  
 still in Britain's happy favor'd isle,  
 e arts and commerce, peace and plenty smile.  
 ere equal justice takes her favorite stand,  
 l honest industry pervades the land.  
 ere upright judges wholesome laws dispense  
 punish guilt and shelter innocence.  
 ere learning springs from an exhaustless store  
 l unpaid eloquence defends the poor.  
 n France the trav'ler with distrust is view'd,  
 harmless acts are oft misunderstood.  
 rit of *Sterne*, come hover round my head,  
 y genial influence in my bosom shed,

With thoughts like thine, my glowing heart  
 inspire,  
 Deign to attune and harmonize my lyre.  
 May I become a favorite of the Nine,  
 And may my verse in polish'd metre shine !  
 Then will my numbers in soft cadence flow,  
 Enrich'd by genius which to thee I owe.



*On staying at Montreuil.*

Some weeks at Montreuil did I pleasant spend,  
 And in it's neighb'rhood with a cheerful friend  
 To Feecamp, Abb'ville, Dieppe, Havregrace,  
 I journey'd, staid a while in either place,  
 In hopes to find, for which I cross'd the sea,  
 Health, pleasure, comfort, ease and liberty.  
 But throughout France suspicion bears full sway  
 And fullest espionage by night and day,  
 Lest some new plot the Bourbons to dethrone,  
 And for a monarch the usurper own.  
 Full soon I found that I my course mistook,  
 In seeking France, for liberty to look,  
 For there no spark exists, much less the flame  
 All that remains of liberty's the name.  
 A feeble monarchy in feeble hands,  
 Not by it's own sustain'd, by foreign bands :  
 No people's love does here the monarch own  
 The brightest jewel in a monarch's crown ;

Here amor patriæ is but little known,  
 And few the chiefs that rally round the throne.  
 The monarch here by superstition rules,  
 His sceptre totters betwixt knaves and fools ;  
 No longer freedom here displays her face,  
 The chasm's fill'd by antic and grimace.  
 Land of frivolity from thee I part,  
 Without one wish to interest my heart,  
 Save that the tear of sympathy may flow,  
 For thy fall'n greatness, fall'n alas, how low !  
 But what avails such sympathy as mine ?  
 The work of reformation must be thine.  
 I therefore quit thee for some distant shore,  
 To gain the seat of liberty to explore.

Hail then Columbia, now for thee I sail,  
 The sky serene and prosp'rous be the gale,  
 I fondly seek thee, where thy stars give light,  
 And now thy peaceful shores my steps invite,  
 Fill'd with the hope true liberty to find,  
 Embracing the whole cause of human kind :  
 That gen'rous liberty, which understood,  
 Imparts to all an universal good ;  
 Right to act, to think and well decide,  
 To obey the laws and see them well applied ;  
 Be same to alter, to amend repeal,  
 To model new ones for the public weal ;

Not wild licentiousness without controul,  
 I hate disorder to my very soul;  
 But genuine freedom which to man is given,  
 The best, the gracious, greatest boon of heav'n  
 I mean the substance, not the empty sound,  
 With thee, *Columbia*, may the same be found.  
 That liberty which rear'd her godlike head,  
 For which a *Washington* both fought and bled.  
 No wonder I should catch some part o' th' flame  
 Since our maternal ancestors the same;  
 But O, blest spirit, to thy soul be rest,  
 Thy course on earth, the wisest and the best.  
 Here I might pause, for sure no pen of mine  
 Can fully eulogize such worth as thine.  
 Th' attempt were needless, since thy deathless  
                     name

Perennial blooms amidst *Columbia's* flame;  
 Yet, as a Briton, I one wish impart,  
 A wish, I own, that's nearest to my heart;  
 'Tis that *Britannia's* fleet may never more  
 Hostile approach *Columbia's* peaceful shore.  
 No more in discord be your flags unfurl'd,  
 Ye two united may defy the world.  
 Thenceforth all tumults ye may bid to cease,  
 Give and secure the world an universal peace

*A Tribute to the Memory of the late Lieut. Wm.  
Howard Allen.*

Ye who his modest worth in boyhood knew,  
And future greatness did in prospect view,  
It's dawn in early life did fully scan  
Which shone with brilliant lustre in the man,  
Weep o'er his tomb, his sudden loss deplore  
Weep that the gallant Allen is no more.

Late, when the war fill'd his country with alarms,  
And foreign foes appeared equipt in arms,  
Foremost t'appear in Glory's bright career  
Where Honor call'd then seen was Allen there.  
Weep o'er his tomb, his sudden loss deplore,  
Weep that the gallant Allen is no more.

When cruel Pirates o'er the briny flood  
Savage embru'd their hands with Christian  
blood,  
His patriot breast with country's love inspir'd  
Whilst purest zeal his manly bosom fir'd,  
Nobly disdainful of inglorious ease,  
Again he brav'd the dangers of the Seas,  
And whilst he conquer'd the fierce ruthless band,  
Receiv'd his death illfated at their hand.  
Weep o'er his tomb, *his country's* loss deplore,  
Weep that the gallant *Allen* is no more.

Yet not in arms alone his merit chone,  
 Virtues were his peculiarly his own.  
 Come ye superior train, who these revere  
 Weep that the gallant *Allen* resteth here.

Virtues like his all human praise transcend,  
 Come mourn the *Christian, hero, son, and*  
*friend.*



*The Negro and the Letter.*

A merchant once his negro sent  
 With fruit and with a letter,  
 Near half the grapes poor *Sambo* ate,  
 Indeed he scarce knew better.

On his return the merchant learnt  
 What *Sambo* had been doing,  
 Th' affrighted boy fell on his knees,  
 For tender mercy suing.

On the same errand once again  
*Sambo* went ere 'twas long,  
 Again to taste forbidden fruit  
 He felt temptation strong.

But ere again he ventured  
 The juicy grape to taste,  
 His master's letter 'neath a stone  
 Deposited with haste.

That the letter told upon him  
 He to believe was prone,  
 But now he thought himself secure  
 As 'twas beneath the stone.

So then he took of grapes his fill,  
 And show'd no consternation,  
 Nor dreamt, that when again return'd,  
 He'd meet with castigation.

The master's looks bespoke his rage,  
 And punishment not light,  
 The wretched culprit quick elop'd  
 And vanish'd from his sight.

Th' untutor'd Indian, well we know,  
 Believes in magic art,  
 Until divine instruction  
 Illuminates the heart.

#### REFLECTION.

Thrice happy ye, whom Providence  
 Has bless'd with reason, affluence,  
 What comforts must ye know?

'Tis your's to check the unripe crime,  
 In ev'ry country, every clime,  
 Arrest th' assassin's blow ;  
 For by your aid the Holy Scriptures shine,  
 And to the world emit lustre more divine.

O, then pursue your gen'rous plan,  
 The greatest good is blessing man  
 In this our earthly race ;  
 In driving error from his mind,  
 What pleasing raptures must ye find ?  
 A Godlike act we trace.  
 May to your labours ev'ry aid be giv'n,  
 And earth your efforts crown, as well as heaven.



*A Tribute to the Memory of the Honble. Wm. W.  
 Van Ness, late one of the Judges of the Supreme  
 Court of the State of New-York.*

"Ergo Quintilianum perpetuus sopor urget ?  
 "Hen pietas ! here, prisca fides !  
 "Quando ullum invenient parem ?  
 "Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit." HOR.

Is he no more, in whom we well could trace  
 The friend and patron of the human race ?  
 Whose legal knowledge on the bench pourtray'd,  
 The rich endowments of his mind display'd ;

Who manly eloquence with sense combin'd,  
 And all the virtues which adorn'd the mind ;  
 Whose manners gentle, mild, by taste improv'd,  
 Were the blest lot of him from hence remov'd ?

These, these, *Van Ness*, preeminently thine,  
 Did thro' thy life with brilliant lustre shine.  
 Yet could they not from confines of the grave,  
 Thy doom avert or mercifully save.

Else hadst thou ceas'd to yield thy parting breath,  
 Nor bow'd beneath th' unsparing hand of death ;  
 Then had the muse, tho' now with cypress bound,  
 A lasting comfort in her bosom found.

And doth then death, with adamantine chain,  
 Thee, thee, *Van Ness*, the best of men detain ?

Ah ! when will faith approve and justice find  
 So true, so great, and so sincere a mind ?

In vain the mournful muse, the voice and lyre,  
 All to lament thy heavy loss conspire.

Such was thy worth, thy loss severely such,  
 We cannot love too well, or grieve too much.

Yet tho' thou'rt gone, in sweet remembrance lie,  
 Embalm'd within our hearts thy virtues never  
 doom'd to die.

*On the approach of Evening.*

See the length'ning shades extending,  
 See the clouds more dim appear,  
 Day is drawing to its ending,  
 And the gloomy night is near.

Nature's warblers cease to chaunt,  
 From their tuneful downy throats,  
 Seek in groves their fav'rite haunt,  
 And suspend their dulcet notes.

To their home, the well pitch'd fold,  
 Are the sheep by instinct led,  
 Cattle pierc'd by shiv'ring cold  
 Seek for shelter 'neath the shed.

Now the peasant, labour ending,  
 Full of joy to home returns,  
 Rapture feels, and health attending,  
 There the crackling faggot burns.

Soon to slumber he's retiring,  
 Will the cares of life deride,  
 Sure to find a sweeten'd solace,  
 Lovely *Susan* by his side.

All of nature now is quiet,  
 Silence now pervades the whole,  
 Save where now the sons of riot  
 Thoughtless quaff the mad'ning bowl.

*A Tribute to the Memory of the Honble. Brockholst Livingston, late one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.*

ON

“*Virtres post funera viret.*”

If to relieve and succour the distrest,  
Stretch forth thy hand to those who were oppressed,  
To seek the widow's sorrows to beguile,  
And teach the helpless orphan how to smile,  
Became the task of him well pleas'd to find  
A blissful Eden in a bounteous mind ;  
Who, with philanthropy his bosom fraught,  
Practis'd the virtues which a saviour taught.  
These, Livingston, throughout thy life appear'd,  
Whilst honest rectitude thy conduct steer'd ;  
Safe in thy hand impartial justice flow'd,  
With thee religion took her blest abode ;  
With calm composure thou resign'dst to fate,  
Deeply lamented by the good and great.  
If merit then could stay the hand of death,  
Still hadst thou liv'd, nor yielded up thy breath ;  
Yet, thou now art mingled with the dead,  
And in the dust thy mould'ring ashes laid,  
Thy spirit fled to wait it's high behest,  
Thy flame survives—thou'rt number'd with the blest.

*A Fragment.*

Oh ! what avail the Gothic arch'd door.

The lofty hall with curious carving seen,  
The painted glazing, tessellated floor,  
The splendid mansion and the well mow'd  
green !

Ah ! what avail the miser's store of gold,

His num'rous flocks which graze in yonde  
field !

Say can they aught of bliss retentive hold,  
Or lasting comfort to the bosom yield ?

Ah ! no—those joys are transitory vain,

In this our early state, uncertain too,  
Blended full oft with heart-corroding pain,  
And shun the grasp of those who still pursue

Yet is not man of joy on earth bereft,

*The pious Christian* mild, sedate, and calm,  
Firm in his hope, turns neither right nor left,  
Whilst true religion pours celestial balm.

*The Jew in a Thunder Storm.*

One day a poor Jew, with hunger beset,  
The weather most sultry and fine,  
Well tir'd with his box, sat down on a bank,  
Bethought him to rest and to dine.

No person then near, he took from his box  
What prog he had safe put therein,  
A bit of brown bread, a small piece of pork,  
And eke of a chicken a wing.

His water he took from a neighbouring stream,  
Meandering then in his sight,  
And with these supplied, himself well regal'd  
With spirits unclouded and light.

On a sudden the sky became overcast,  
And gloomy black clouds did appear,  
The light'ning burst forth, and thunder loud  
    roar'd,  
Most dismal to Moses's ear.

When thus the poor Jew, in piteous tone,  
Cried out, "I am shad overtaken,  
"I never could tink dere would be such a rout  
    " 'Bout my eating a small pish of pacon."

*The White Cockade.*

Now direful wars and conflicts cease,  
*Europe* again is blest with peace.  
All hasten to the gay parade,  
Eager to view the white cockade.

The soldier now no longer burns,  
Nor death of comrades vainly mourns,  
Resigns his arms, resumes the spade,  
With rapture hails the white cockade.

His hours of sorrow turn'd to joy,  
No gloomy cares his breast annoy ;  
No pangs of woe his mind invade,  
Delighted with the white cockade.

From morn till eve the peasant sings,  
Each coming day new transport brings ;  
Retires with *Sylvia* to the shade,  
In hopes to wear the white cockade.

His plaintive tale he fondly tells,  
Whilst list'ning to the tuneful bells ;  
Ecstatic views his lovely maid,  
Presents to her the white cockade.

The courtier by his king carest,  
 May strut in pomp of knighthood drest ;  
 But still his grandeur thus array'd,  
 Is brighten'd by the white cockade.



*On Reading Milton's Paradise Lost.*

What tho' for him, who strains celestial sung,  
 Whose lyre to heav'nly melody was strung,  
 No day return'd, approach of eve or morn,  
 Or beaut'ous rose to blossom on the thorn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or flocks or herds,  
 Or groves resounding harmony of birds,  
 Or face of man with image stamp'd divine,  
 Or Nature's works could visually shine ;  
 In clouds and darkness all enrapt the scene,  
 The book of knowledge no more to be seen.  
 By him, blind-stricken, whose late orbs of sight,  
 Ceas'd to retain the passages of light ;  
 Yet heav'n indulgent, and in mercy kind,  
 With thoughts celestial deign'd t' inspire his  
     mind ;  
 Become irradiate, gift of pow'r divine,  
 Dispers'd its mist, caus'd holy truth to shine ;  
 Taught his mind's eye to range without control,  
 From earth to sea and heav'n, from pole to pole,

To fi'ry gulph where vengeful Satan lay  
 With hideous crew in terror and dismay :  
 Taught him the depths of nature to explore,  
 To fathom what ne'er fathom'ble before :  
 Taught him to sing of heav'n-born holy light,  
 Of essence increate, of shades of night,  
 Of rising worlds, of waters dark and deep,  
 Of earth immense and mountains high and steep,  
 Of all that heav'n had form'd to live and breathe  
 In air, sea, earth, in waters underneath ;  
 Of starry heav'n, Jehovah's boundless grace,  
 And the blest sanctities of heav'n to trace,  
 The whilst with reason unconfin'd he scann'd  
 The grand design which providence had plann'd,  
 Of wretched state for man ordain'd to prove,  
 And blest redemption by his Saviour's love.  
 Taught too it's fav'rite bard to sweep the lyre  
 'To strains which only can with time expire :  
 Fresh from his mind to flow the truth divine,  
 And in his verse the sacred song to shine.

Hail matchless bard, far above human lays,  
 In vain my humble muse attempts thy praise,  
 A sprig of bays for thee the muse would bring,  
 Water'd for thee by the Castalian spring ;  
 Not that thy well earn'd bays can e'er decay,  
 Thy never bloomless honors fade away.  
*Milton*, thy fame shall live thro' ev'ry age,  
 Defy the hand of time and envy's rage.

O, may the holy truths thy lines impart,  
Sink ever deep tenacious in my heart ;  
Bend me submissive to affliction's rod,  
Teach me t' adore and fully serve my God.



*The English make bulls, or blunders, as well as  
the Irish.*

As *Tom Long* and *O'Toole*, a fine Irish blade,  
Together were sitting, a wager was laid  
Concerning the blunders which each nation  
made.

*Tom* stoutly contended that *Ireland* was known  
To blunder in language, and *Ireland* alone.

Whilst the blunders of English, contended  
*O'Toole*,

Were as frequently made by the sons of *John  
Bull*.

So they straight sallied forth to a friend nam'd  
*Jack Pride*,

To let him, as their umpire, the wager decide.

Now *Jack*, you must know, was a fine jolly  
fellow,

And had gone to bed over night very mellow.

So *Paddy* cried out, " *Mr. Pride*, come down  
stairs,

" You are wanted below, and on urgent affairs."

*Jack* said, "let me put on my shoes and n  
stockings,

"And just clean my face, for indeed it loo  
shocking ;

"Do not hurry me then, for my clothes I w  
put on,

"And quickly my coat and my waistcoat I  
button.

"And now I've just put on my hat and my wi

"I think I look spruce and smart as a prig."

*Paddy* felt much delighted at this conversation

Which gave to his mind no small exultation,

Cried "the wager I've won."—*Tom* said to h  
cost,

"I own that you have—I fairly have lost.

THE END.









DEC 30 1937



